

Back From the Dead by **TheRiverdaleRegister**

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Summary: After the events of the past November nothing is the same for the small town of Hawkins, Indiana. With Will acting strange and and new friends shaking the town even further, will this town ever return to normal? What will they do to overcome the new obstacles that face them? (May change to M rated in later chapters for injury reasons.)

Back From the Dead

Author's Note: Haven't had much experience with fanfics, so bear with me! I hope you all like it; please leave reviews if you liked it, give criticism if you think I need improvements in areas. Thank you!

~TRR

Important Notes: ~::~ = Flashback/Memory (Italicized)

Italicized = Thoughts

. . . = Scene Change (Characters, subplot, etc.)

Chapter 1: A Warning Sign

"Michael! Get up here right now!" Mrs. Wheeler howled, and Mike could hear the anger laced her voice.

"What?!" Mike hollered back, clearly annoyed. He had been up extra early that morning getting ready for the D&D campaign he was hosting with his friends later that day. It was the last one of 1983, so to him it was extra important. He meticulously decorated the basement in accordance with the game, placing special details and references he knew his friends would understand. Although Mike was opposed to it, Dustin absolutely insisted on watching "A Nightmare on Elm Street," so he told Dustin to sneak it downstairs past his mom. Lucas wanted to order a new game that had come out recently, but Mrs. Wheeler told Mike to use his own money for it, so he did chores for about 2 weeks before he finally had pleased his friend. Will hadn't asked for anything, which made Mike a little nervous. He felt that ever since the events of the past November, his friend hadn't been the same. Like he was only a shell of whom he used to be... but that's not what tonight wasn't about. He couldn't think of that, or anything related to that, while they were together.

"You better go clean your room this instant! It's absolutely atrocious! I did not raise you as a pig!" She yelled down the stairs to Mike, who rolled his eyes but reluctantly obeyed his mother. "It better be

spotless by the time I get up there!"

Mike groaned and dragged his feet up the stairs. *Ugh*, he thought. *Parents are the worst*. He passed Nancy's way-too-girly room and peeked inside, but she wasn't present. *Probably screwin' Steve*.

He opened the door to his room and trudged toward his bed, eyeing the mess surrounding him. He sloppily threw the pillows off his bed and made his bed the best as he could, given his mood. Clothes littered the room floor to ceiling (yes, clothes were on the fan on his ceiling), though he couldn't seem to recall how most of them got where they did. He began to pick up his clothes and transfer them to his laundry bin in his closet.

~::~~

"In here, I'll be right back. Okay?" Mike panicked; scared his mom would have suspicions.

She let out a shaky breath and hesitated.

"Please, you have to get in, or my mom, she'll find you!" He begged. "Do you understand?"

She glanced between him and the closet, still unsure.

"I won't tell her about you . . . I promise."

A confused look crossed her face, " . . . Promise?"

"It means something that you can't break, ever!" Mike exclaimed as his mother called after him.

Mike looked back to her with a fearful expression, "Please!" He whispered.

She reluctantly walked inside, the door shutting behind her.

~::~~

Mike flopped down on the mattress and surveyed what he had left to do. He glanced at the trophies that adorned his desk, then at the Yoda figurine on his side table, and finally at the battery-operated

dinosaur in the corner of the room, isolated from everything else. He couldn't help but think it might've been a metaphor for himself, for Will. *Who am I kidding? Nothing is the same.* An unfamiliar anger bubbled within him. How could everybody go back to the way things used to be? There was no more normal for them. Not anymore. How could they pretend nothing happened? How could they forget about . . . How could they think that she . . .

"Michael! I'm coming up to check!" Mrs. Wheeler shouted from below, startling Mike from his thoughts.

He quickly got up, swooped the rest of the toys off of his floor, and stashed them into his toy chest right in the nick of time. He let out a puff of air in relief.

"Michael? Micha- oh! It looks nice sweetie! Thank you, " She expressed while opening an apple-flavored juice box for Holly, who was tucked under her arm. "Will's here, he's waiting in the basement."

Mike got up and started to head downstairs, "Thanks mom!"

"Will!" Mike exasperated as he got to the basement, immediately embracing his best friend in a hug.

"Hi!" Will replied meekly as Mike crushed him. He was happy to reunite with his friend, though.

"How've you been? Like the décor?" Mike asked excitedly, a little too excitedly. "Dustin and Lucas should be here any minute now, I should probably voice 'em on the Supercom . . . "

"It looks awesome Mike! I love the posters . . . and the Millennial Falcon? Awesome! You hung some of my drawings too . . . " Will gazed at the work Mike put into everything, appreciating it deeply as he traveled around the basement.

Eventually, Will made it to one of the back corners, where he saw a small blanket fort with Mike's Supercom laying neatly on one of the pillows. Blankets hung over top to form a canopy over the cushiony bottom, which was lined with various pillows and blankets. He might've been staring a little too long, though.

"That was where she stayed," Mike muttered, breaking the silence that had gathered in the miniscule room.

"Huh?"

"El," Mike remembered, "It's where she slept when we found her . . ."

"Oh . . . " Will didn't know what to say. He knew it was a touchy subject, but he still wanted to know about her. He felt a nervous lump form at the back of his throat but he pressed on. "Can you tell me about her? I mean . . . if you want to, that is . . . "

Mike hesitated, but thought it might be good to talk about her. Maybe it could help him, in some weird, complicated way that he wouldn't totally understand. "She was . . . amazing. She was the coolest girl I think I've ever met, though she wasn't really a talkative person." Will sat on the couch and patted the spot next to him, coaxing Mike to sit next to him and continue the story.

"She was like Yoda, she could move things with her mind . . . though she could also do so much more! It's so crazy and confusing and weird to explain, but she could find people. We made a sensory deprivation tank at the school, and that's how we found you. You would've been a goner without her. We probably all would . . . "

Will could feel the tension growing, so he asked more questions. "What other cool stuff did she do?"

"Aw man! It was awesome! I wish you were there! She made Troy pee himself in front of the whole school! It was the best!"

"Ha! What I would give to see that,"

"Yeah! And we were running away from these government guys; it was like some chase out of an action movie. She flipped a van over us! It was the best! And there was this other time when . . . "

Will couldn't help but smile at his friend's infatuation with Eleven. He could tell Mike genuinely cared about this girl cause he would do that *thing*. That *thing* he would do when he liked a girl. He always acted much too excited and goofy. Will found the amusement in it though, seeing how happy Mike became while talking about her. He

only remembered little about Eleven, or El as the boys called her. He remembered her in his fort, telling him to hold on because they were going to save him, and she did. She gave up her life for his. He could never repay her.

"But she's not gone though," Mike said, startling Will back into conversation. "I know she's out there, I know she is. Even if nobody else believes me, I know she is."

Will couldn't help but think that Mike was trying to convince himself rather than him. He was always usually the closest to Mike, and Will could tell that when everything had ended, Mike was not the same. But that was okay, because he wasn't either.

"Mike! Dustin and Lucas are here!" Mrs. Wheeler called down to Mike, a little irritated.

"Okay!" Mike yelled back. "The game board is over at that table, you can set it up if you want," Mike exclaimed, pointing to the back corner.

'Okay, I'll do that," Will replied heading towards the back of the basement.

"Mike!" Called Mrs. Wheeler, who was clearly losing her patients.

"*COMING!*" Mike screamed back harshly, the patients leaving him as well as he marched up the stairs to greet his friends.

Will sighed as he set up their game board, wanting nothing more than for him and his friends to be whisked away into a perfect fantasy land. He wished of a land where the events of last November didn't happen, where there were no Demogorgons or Upside Downs. He wished for a land that was impossible, one that only existed in the bellows of his dreams. A lurch in his stomach stopped every thought that whirled inside his mind. He ran to the bathroom and hurled up the small, slimy creature into the sink. What was he going to do now?

Author's Note: Sorry if not much happened, I wanted to get this story published so I wouldn't forget my thoughts and plans for it. I'll be updating this story with a new chapter every Saturday.

I'll also be updating my Riverdale story every Friday. Thanks for reading; please leave a review! See you next week!

~TRR